

# MASSACHUSETTS

# PLOUGHMAN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMERS AND MECHANICS, AT QUINCY HALL, SOUTH MARKET STREET, WM. BUCKMINSTER, OF FRAMINGHAM, EDITOR.

VOL. 6.

PUBLISHED BY  
WILLIAM BUCKMINSTER,

AND  
WILLIAM J. BUCKMINSTER.

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## AGRICULTURE.

### AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPERS.

The *Newark American*, published in the city of Newark, is much aggravated at "the vast increase of agricultural papers," and thinks that "farmers are made much more powerful for their good"—in Newark itself "a vast number of the farmers concur in their reading entirely to a single agricultural newspaper, and the result is that they become so much confused with the vast mass of inconsistent and contradictory facts and statements, which they receive from time to time, that they know very little of farming, and nothing of any thing else."

Quite a compliment to the farmers of Newark, and quite a logical conclusion from its own premises! By taking "a single agricultural newspaper," farmers become "confused" with that subject and "know very little of farming," since suppose that reading "many papers" would more to "confusion" than reading only one's own. But the editor of the American really means efficiently.

How do we reason on the subject of obtaining from newspapers when acting as Representatives of the town of Dedham last winter?

We have not been misinformed by a variety of papers, the Dedham Representative—the editor of the *Newark American*—confined his reading to a single newspaper; and that paper was used.

It was a party paper too, and of course upon one side only. But its design undoubtedly to prevent "confusion." It might be a sad thing to confide a legislator or a jury by letting them hear both sides of a case.

When the legislature authorized each of its members to procure *fourteen* newspapers each week of session, at the public expense, the public supposed it was for the purpose of procuring for each member the means of general information. But the editor of the *American* has demonstrated that it is far from being so.

One member to buy fourteen of his own papers, and obtain all his light from them. Such a man would not tend much to "confusion" in his legislation, though it might lead to the division of an individual member.

**THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU.**

[Sacred writer.]

While Society exists we shall have the poor to you for. Society admits of no perfect equality.

Laws may promise equal rights to man, property, and happiness. But an equal right to acquire is not equivalent to equal acquisition.

One member of Society has a stronger desire to gain, and to bind up, than another member.

One is more fortunate than another under the operation of an equal system. One is more willing to submit to have the care and oversight of large and complicated operations. One is

engaged with activity; another is more fond of

"Stand and deliver," and another is fond of his pistol and otherwise.

"I'll do the reply, at the same time as the hands of the robes well stocked; "But,"

and I can a favor in return for your services, and the fellow tied up in the

room, the money pocketed, and still of the door, taken in the big bag and

the doctor, "the man isn't in the door-way," "bring him."

from?" said Wilkes to

the poor kept out."

In itinerant horse doctor, tool's shop—just leave

his tools, while a testimonial to the late, "O, I know

you're very likely, as he

A wag in Pennsylvania

very fine horse. Returns after he said that he had

nothing in this animal which is

the value—"He shys at

what we shall say, then? Is the world well off, and is there unnecessary oppression of

the poor? We may not raise all to be masters, though we may not raise more eligible for those who

we are yearly legislating for the poor, and making them secure in their acquisitions, we may not further encourage and uphold us with small property?

At present we shall always have with us. We

many poor and honest people who have no hope for admittance to the Almshouse, or

peakers, while dining tables are asked, "What is the

rise and replied, "Lem-

Anna foamed with rage

Cerro Gordo, is very likely, as he

the poor kept out."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MORTGAGES ON FARMS.

Dr. Daniel Lee, the editor of the *Genesee Farmer*, sends us the following communication on the subject of mortgages. We insert it at request, though we cannot see why he does not reserve it on his monthly paper.

Our readers must perceive that the doctor, in this communication, controverts none of the doctrines of the *Ploughman*, though he seems to assume that he does. The *Ploughman* has never yet elicited the question whether farming in Massachusetts is so profitable that young men can afford to hire money at six per cent. to purchase farms.

We only say, when they do hire money, they may as well pledge the property that they purchase with that money, for repayment of the same, as to owe the debt without a pledge, provided they really intend to repay.

In regard to the legal rate of interest, we have had nothing to say. The rate in Massachusetts may be too high; yet in New York the rate is seven, instead of six per cent. And traders in New York often give three or four times that amount for money for a short time. Some can afford it, but we should not advise farmers to make the trial.

The Doctor's notion that money is not naturally a productive article no interest should be paid for the use of it, is not new. Some hundreds of years ago this was the doctrine in England, and all who took interest took usury. It was then argued that money was not a productive article, that a dollar never had children, and never increased, therefore the borrower should not pay interest for it.

Upon this Judge Blackstone remarks that we may as well hold that houses should not be rented; for houses are naturally unproductive, and instead of increasing in value,

I suppose it's pretty much

The Jews were forbidden to take interest from

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE

12, 1847.

trust in a man, relying on a right to satisfaction out of his log hut, or board hat, worth thirty or forty dollars—if he has already done this, relying on the present law, let him satisfy his execution if he will, take the little hut and the quarter acre of land, and turn the occupants over to the poorhouse; and let him have the sole enjoyment of his dreams on the following night. We would not rob such a creditor of his present legal rights, nor of the satisfaction he might enjoy on his own back, or on the back of his execution.

Doctor Lee goes back into the dark ages, and there stops. He should have gone as far as the Christian era to learn that Christians did not keep look to at, but to be of use to the community.

His counting up how soon a man may be ruined by borrowing, and not paying the interest, may assure some people, and terrify others. The interest will amount to more than the principal in twelve years, of course he who sleeps twelve years, in one nap, on borrowed money, has a hard time of it; and will find that his interest has eaten up his principal.

We have seen calculations made as to the accumulation of one penny put at compound interest for two thousand years. And if we recollect aright, the amount in gold would be a number of ounces more than the weight of the whole earth—we forget the exact number of ounces. But this has no more to do with the subject than some of the following calculations which we publish for the benefit of such as suppose them useful to mankind. Our correspondent addresses the *Ploughman* in the following strain:

### MORTGAGES ON FARMS.

ROCHESTER, May 27, 1847.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir: Will you allow me to offer a few thoughts to that large class of your readers who never see the *Genesee Farmer*, on the important subject of "Mortgaging Farms!" If my facts shall happen to be untrue, or my reasoning unsound, your sagacity will be prompt to detect either.

In the *Ploughman* of the 22d inst., we ex-

"The great question is,

"not whether it is advisable to let any class of young men have any borrowed capital at all;

"but whether it is advisable for young men, having property enough to secure the repayment of borrowed capital, to jeopard it by hiring it out, or advancing it to others, in order to engage in ordinary farming operations?" On this question I take the negative; nor shall I go out of my way to furnish evidence to sustain my position.

A young farmer who has a wife and three children, and land enough to support a capitalist for a loan of \$1000 should pause, and study closely the productive value of inert matter, before he voluntarily degrades himself to its level, by changing work with it. Dead meat never brought up a child from his earliest infancy, fed and clothed, housed, and warmed him through life, but buried him in poverty and misery. Capital requires no food, no clothing, is never sick, never dies of old age. How then can an immortal man, with an immortal, an accountable spirit within him, innocently so debase himself, as practically to admit, that the service of gold, of iron, or any other thing is equal to the service of that conscience, that intellect, and those curious hands which God has given him? This degradation of humanity is productive of infinite mischief. Grant that every man can be an immortal, with an immortal, an accountable spirit within him, innocently so debase himself, as practically to admit, that the service of gold, of iron, or any other thing is equal to the service of that conscience, that intellect, and those curious hands which God has given him? This degradation of humanity is productive of infinite mischief. Grant that every man can be an immortal, with an immortal, an accountable spirit within him, innocently so debase himself, as practically to admit, that the service of gold, of iron, or any other thing is equal to the service of that conscience, that intellect, and those curious hands which God has given him? This degradation of humanity is productive of infinite mischief. 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**MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.**  
SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1847.

William Buckingham, Editor.

**DONATION TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY.**

We learn from the Courier that the Hon. Abbott Lawrence has made to the Corporation of Harvard University a donation of FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, for the purpose of establishing a school of Practical Science, for the advancement of mechanics and the arts.

We copy an extract from Mr. Lawrence's letter to Mr. Eliot, the Treasurer of the Institution; and we may publish the remainder when we have more room. [Mr. L.]

BOSTON, June 7, 1847.

My Dear Sir,—I have more than once conversed with you upon the subject of establishing a school for the purpose of teaching the practical sciences, in this city or neighborhood; and was gratified when I learned from you that the government of Harvard University had determined to establish such a school in Cambridge, and that a Professor had been appointed who is eminent in the science of Chemistry, and who is to be supported on the same plan as the new Law School.

For several years I have seen and felt the progress of our community, (and in fact in the whole country,) of an increased number of men educated to the practical sciences.

Educational education appears to be well provided for in Massachusetts. There is, however, a deficiency in the means for higher education in certain branches of knowledge.

If our advertising page will be seen it is evident that we have our schools well educated.

So many charitable persons conveyed them to the yards near by, whence they were taken by the city authorities and conveyed to Deer Island.

Yet we find modern hind wheels quite low; while modern chase wheels are high. Chase wheels never so high as the hind wheels of coaches, because the draft on chase wheels is upward and they overcome obstructions as readily and for the same reason, as the forward wheels of a coach.

If young mechanics could be given proper theoretical instruction much could be gained in all the arts.

If Mr. Lawrence's donation will afford an opportunity to mechanics in each department to study first principles.

The best form for that very important article, the wheel, cannot be improved.

And there is one best rule for setting it on the axle.

Can any of our mechanics demonstrate which is the best mode of setting?

The New Orleans papers are making merry with what they call Gen. Pillow's mistakes in engineering, and in military tactics-ticks, as some call them—the old story of his ordering an embankment on the wrong side of the fort is revived, and we are told that the officers of his Brigade have now made a written statement of the errors committed by the General in the contest at Cerro Gordo. It is supposed that Gen. Pillow will demand a Court Martial.

The New Orleans papers say he was tried to the law and was a partner of the President while he was in practice in Tennessee. He is now a Major General.

If a friend desires us to invite attention to a mode of destroying the Cerclo, practised by Mr. Cheever Newhall of Dorchester. Mr. T. takes a muffled mallet that will not bruise the limb, and early in the morning, or at night, raps the limbs with his mallet and drops the game on to a white sheet underneath, where they may be put to death quick time. This mode has been long practised. The only objection to it is the attendant labor. Now is the time to make war on the Cerclo. There is no question but that the Cerclo is the aggressor.

POCKET BOOKS TAKE NO CARE OF THEMSELVES.—Pierce Hawes of Miller's Place, L. I., had his pocket picked on Wednesday evening, at the Eastern Depot. On Tuesday evening, George Cook lost his pocket book at the Howard Atheneum.

We need, then, a school, not for boys, but for young men whose early education is completed, either in College or elsewhere, who have learned to be useful, and who are anxious to become scientists, or in general, as men of science, applying their attainments to practical purposes; where they may learn what has been done at other times and in other countries; and may acquire habits of investigation and reflection, with an aptitude of observing and describing.

I have thought that the three great practical branches to which a scientific education is to be applied amongst us, are, 1st, Engineering; 2d, Mining; and 3d, the invention and manufacture of machinery. These must be deemed kindred sciences, starting from the same point, depending in many respects on the same principles, and gradually diverging to their more special applications. Mathematics, especially in their application to the construction and combination of machinery, and chemistry, the foundation of medicine, and an all-important study for the mining engineer, and the like to the processes by which the materials of the earth are treated.

In the art of invention, and the manufacture of double metal, Gunpowder, Mica, and the other sciences, investigating the properties and uses of materials employed in the arts, Carpentry, Masonry, Architecture, and Drawing, are all studies which should be pursued to a greater or less extent in one or all of these principal divisions.

ARTILLERY ELECTION.—On Monday, the Ancient Honorable Artillery Company held its Annual election for their field officers, and its members received their commissions from the Senior Member of the Council, the Hon. John P. Bigelow—the Governor being unwell and the Lieutenant Governor not being in the State.

REAL ESTATE IN BOSTON. The dwelling house No. 3 Chestnut street, on a lot of 24 1/2 feet by 60 feet, was sold on Wednesday for \$13,25—The Estate No. 373 Washington street, next south of the Adams House, consisting of a store and house and a strip of land connected with it, the whole containing 177 feet, was sold for \$14,725, being about \$75 per foot.

THE WEATHER. We had two fine days for farmers, yesterday and Thursday. Nobody but the crowd worked with carts or jacks on the roads; the weather was favorable for the prospects of the season. Plenty will come to the industrious worker.

A FARM AT A BARGAIN.—A pretty little farm is offered for sale at a low price; the owner having a strong inclination to emigrate to West. It lies on the great road leading from Franklin to Woonsocket Falls; two miles from Franklin Centre, and seven miles from the falls. Inquire at this office.

CELEBRATION AT BUNKER HILL. We learn that the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill is to be celebrated at Charlestown in an appropriate manner, on the seventeenth. The city authorities are making arrangements for it.

MECHANICS IN BOSTON. Mechanics are complaining this year for want of business. Capitalists are speculating in treasury notes and government stocks in preference to loaning to builders, on mortgages.

Houses are built on plans that have been formerly proved inconvenient. Roofs are to be quite steep again because the fashion of the time requires it. By and by they will be made flat again, and for us

better reason. The external form of building is made to assume all manner of angles; it is fashionable.

Economy is disregarded, and what is called taste is a substitute, as if taste and utility were at war with each other. A first principle in building requires that the walls should include as much room as they conveniently can. Yet we find modern cottages inclosing not half so much room as the same walls might inclose. They are built for ornament, and the builder is busied in contriving how many crooks or angles he can make meet together without letting the rooms through before his work has been finished.

Cottages large enough to support a sawmill are erected in front of a cottage. And all the business they ever have is to hold up a slight wing, or a slight porch, that wires would support. Utility is not a leading idea and proportion is out of the question. Look at the wing of a fowl. God's work will afford a lesson in building. The feathers are made as perfectly consistent with strength.

KEDDING & CO., 8 State street, have received the Farmers' Library and the Courier and Enquirer, by H. Greeley and H. J. Raymond, in a closely printed pamphlet of 88 pages—and, of the Historical History of England, are issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. (Binney & Other, agents, 1 Cornhill.)

EDWARD REDDING & CO., 8 State street, have received the Farmers' Library and the Monthly Journal of Agriculture for June, edited by J. S. Skinner, Esq., "Indian Corn," "Sheep Husbandry in the South," "Value of Lands in La Plata," "Agricultural Education in Virginia," and "Fattening Cattle," are among the topics taken up; the reproduction of Stephen's Book of the Farm is continued.—Greely & McGrath are the publishers.

EDWARD REDDING & CO.—Our advertising page will be seen to notice of some bolding last in Needham, on the 17th of June.

THE MARKETS. Better, evil, motion, and hay, are lower this week.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Capt. McNeil, of the British brig James Riddon, arrived at New York on the 8th inst., from Liverpool, reports that on the 29th ult., when he was 120, 100 miles from Liverpool, he was overtaken by a violent storm, and was driven ashore by the Southampton. Insisted and aggravated, as the British people consider themselves to have been by the Southampton.

If Santa Anna makes his stand at Rio Frio, with an adequate artillery force and complete batteries, our army will have to fight perhaps the most serious, bloody and destructive battle which has yet been fought. There will be no want of men in this thickly settled part of the country to back Santa Anna in this last stand which the Mexicans will have an opportunity of making.

There will be some difficulty, however, in arming all who may present themselves, and in finding who are likely to be traitors.

It is evident that the intelligence given to the steamer, White oak, 181 20; Yellow 125; Northern Yellow 120; the steamer, 274 20; the closing rates are nearly the same.

Mr. Wm. H. Lewis to Miss Cynthia A. Brewster, 1550 bushels poor, 60 bushels cash.

H. Harris & Co.—Dried Apples—100 lbs.

Chesn.—6 casks NY, 2c per lb.; 24; 34; 36; 38.

Tenes.—9 casks Y Hyson, 10c per lb. cash.

Benas.—8 bushels white, 1 1/2 per lb., cash.

GRAN.—100 lbs. cash.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

BOSTON, June 11. The steamer Queen is bound for Mazatlan for Vera Cruz on the 30th instant.

MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS. Brig. Magnolia sail

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

Under the title of "Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets," Harper & Brothers have published two very entertaining volumes, well printed and neatly bound, which we take pleasure in commending to notice. Wm. Howitt is the author, who is well known as an able writer.

Col. Mitchell, with the advance of Doniphan's command, including a picked party, was expected at Buena Vista on the 15th.

In passing through Durango, they took possession of a small town, San Juan, 21 miles from the capital, and released his men were released on parole, and Col. Doniphan was to furnish them with arms to defend themselves against the Cananeas. At Masey he found 125 muskets and 85 lances. The troops fled on his approach.

Gen. Cushing has received orders to join General Taylor immediately at Monterrey, with a detachment of five companies of mounted volunteers, to serve "during the war with Mexico," and to occupy the posts to be established on the Oregon.

THE PACIFIC SQUADRON. The New Orleans Picayune says that on the 25th of April the American fleet, consisting of six ships-of-the-line, 1000 sailors, and a detachment of 1000 marines, were off Mazatlan, and that a thousand men were to disembark and take the town. The citizens of Mazatlan were making preparations to defend the town.

The squadron also intended to capture San Blas.

THAT MAN HAD BEEN "OUT." A man got

up, the other night, and took, as he supposed, a card of matches, and began to break off one by one, trying to light a lamp, until the whole card was used up, without accomplishing his object, when he discovered he had used up his wife's comb!

Gen. Scott's ADVANCE. The advance of our army has taken a little surprise.

Gen. Worth has entered the large town of Puebla, and received the courtesies of the High Dignitaries of the Church—the most potent authorities in Mexico. Santa Anna, in the meantime, abandoning his position at Orizaba, has pushed ahead of Worth, with his usual prudence and rapidity, on the road from Puebla to Mexico.

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prices has been rather moderate. The Cuba Moccasin, ordinary, at \$1.50 per box; Cuba white, for export, a small supply in the market, and demand for domestic fees as fuel lighting.

#### SALES THIS WEEK.

Sugar—40 lbs Havana white and Malaga—each \$1.00 per lb. each. Eggs do, do, 1.32 per lb. each. Corn, 6.50 per lb., each. Butter, 6.50 per lb., each. Bacon, 1.25 per lb., each. Lard, 6.00 per lb., each. Eggs, poor order, 62¢ per lb., each. Various brands, poor, 62¢ per lb. &c. Dried Apples—1500 lbs. N.Y., 2c per lb.; 24 lbs, 34¢ per lb. Hynes, 14¢ per lb., each. White, 1.25 per lb., each. 20c.

#### UR. AND GRAIN.

Flour.—The accounts from the steamer created quite an excitement, particularly in New York, where it was reported that 1,000 lbs. of flour had been sent to Boston. The mother of the girl, upon hearing that she had gone off with Guy, proclaimed "then my daughter is safe," and fell down senseless, and remained in that position until Thursday, when she died. The daughter of a widow to leave her home in the neighboring town of Greenville, and Guy at Norwich. A mob was immediately raised at the latter place, and he fled to Greenville, where the same excitement prevailed. An assembly of four hundred people, men, women, and children, pursued him far to far and feather him, and rode him out of town on a sail. He was rescued, however, and imprisoned, but as no one appeared against him, he was discharged. He went to Norwich from Providence, passed into Massachusetts, man, though it was said he had a wife in Springfield. The girl is said to have been of good character, was engaged to be married to a young man in Norwich, and was probably weak and silly enough to become the victim of the scoundrel who enticed her from him.

FROG BETWEEN A FROG AND ROBIN.—A letter of the 14th ult., from Burlington county, N. J., to the New York Spirit of the Times, tells this story:

"Whilst sitting near a small pond last month, cooling myself after a hard tramp, I saw a frog jumping in the water, (hunting nothing,) my attention was attracted by a robin hopping up in the grass near the water, and whilst making a calculation of how many eggs it would take to make a pot pie, a large flock of the bloodsucking species, pounced on the frog, a berry, seized him by the head, and plunged into the water with him, when ensued one of the toughest kinds of fights, and on top, round and round, first one, then the other. I did not know what to do, the odds were rather in favor of Frog, until Robin hopped in the eye with his left claw, when he got and bolted, leaving the field to his opponent, who did not remain long enough to congratulate him, feeling, probably, that such a crop-fallen at being so near stuck in,

WALL IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE WINNING.—The New York Spirit of the Times, tells this story:

"A little while ago, a robin was captured in the nest of the winning, and was held in the hands of the White sold at 1.18d 20c. Yellow for 1.18d 21c. Red for 1.18d 21c per pair. These are rather too good a value, and prices Southern qualities being 1.18d 21c. The clowns, Greenback selling at 1.18d 21c. The common brands, 1.18d 21c. Poor order, at 9 1/2d. Greenbacks."

PAPER RECOLLECTED.—NO. 18 DOCK SQUARE, Cloth and Clothing Warehouse, SAMUEL B. APPLETON, PROPRIETOR.

PAPER HANGINGS.

The subscribers have received by late arrivals from Frenchman's Department of

FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, & FINE BROAD PRINTS.

which they offer for sale at reasonable prices.

ALSO—A large assortment of PHILA DELPHIA & SATIN PAPERS, of medium quality, together with a variety of LOW PRICED PAPERS,

from our own manufacture.

E. W. BUMSTEAD & CO., IMPORTERS & MANUFACTURERS,

No. 113 Washington st., NEAR STATE ST., BOSTON.

je12

#### CLOTH & CLOTHING WAREHOUSE, NO. 18 DOCK SQUARE, OPPOSITE ELM STREET, BOSTON.

SAMUEL B. APPLETON, TAILOR AND DRAPER.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN Ready-Made Clothing.

CAPS, UMBRELLAS, AND FURNISHING GOODS.

WILL inform friends and the public, that he has taken the Store No. 18 DOCK SQUARE, nearly opposite Elm street, Boston, where he will keep constantly on hand a well selected and fashionable assortment of

Cloths, Camisieres & Vestings.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES,

CAPS, UMBRELLAS, CANES, &c.,

which he will sell at the very LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Being determined that no dealer in Clothing in this city, shall either manufacture a better article, or sell the same for less.

He would respectfully invite all persons in want of anything in his line of business to call and examine, as reputation is every thing.

HOP RECOLLECTED.—NO. 18 DOCK SQUARE,

Cloth and Clothing Warehouse,

SAMUEL B. APPLETON, PROPRIETOR.

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Paper Hangings.

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## THE POETS CORNER.

### LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays  
All nature illuminates and the heart of man cheereth;  
Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze  
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appears?

Look at the bright side! Reasson all thy joys;  
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee;

Muse not forever on that which annoyeth;  
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind it is true,  
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly;

But why on their faults thus concentrate thy view,  
Forgettings their virtues which shine forth so brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart  
Sweet peace, and contentment, and grateful emotion,

Reflecting its own brilliant lines on thy heart,

As the sunbeams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side!—nor yield to despair!

If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee;

And when the world seems mornful colors to wear,  
Oh, look from the dark earth to heaven above thee.

Higgs's Weekly Instructor.

### SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY REV. GEORGE W. SEBURY, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle bird,  
Nor do the wretched wrong,

In the greenwood is heard  
Its sweet and happy song;

Its song so clear and glad,  
Each list'ner's heart hath stired;

And none, however sad;  
But blessed that happy bird.

And when at early day  
The farmer trod the dew,

It not him on the way  
With welcome blithe and true:

So when at weary eve,  
He homeward winds his ways

Fully would he grieve  
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother, who had kept  
Watch o'er her wakeful child,  
Studied as the baby slept,  
Soothed by its wood note wild;

And gladly had she sung  
The casement open free,

As the dear warbler sung  
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed  
Forgets his weariness,  
And turns his feeble head

To list his songs that bless

His spirit, like a stream

Of mercy from on high,  
Or music in the dream

That seals the prophet's eye.

Or laugh not at my words,  
Tis worn your childhood's hour s

Cheerish the gentle birds—  
Cerish the fragile flowers:

For some may be loved;

Of paradise, in tears,  
God the sweet thing hath left,

To cheer our eyes and ears.

(Maine Cultivator.)

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### The Strawberry-Woman.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"STRAWB'RIES! STRAWB'RIES!" cried a poor, clad, tired-looking woman, about eleven o'clock one sultry June morning. She was pale, and looked very ill. Her hair was dishevelled, and the windows of which she looked earnestly in the hope of seeing the face of a customer. She did not look in vain, for the shrill sound of her voice brought forward a lady dressed, in a silk morning-wrap, who beckoned her to stop. The woman lifted the heavy tray from her head, and placing it upon the door-step, sat wearily down.

"What's the price of your strawberries?" asked the lady as she came to the door.

"Ten cents a box, madam. They are right fresh."

"Ten cents!" replied the lady, in a tone of surprise, drawing herself up and looking grave. Then shaking her head, and compressing her lips firmly, she added—

"I can't give ten cents for strawberries. It's too much."

"You can't get such strawberries as these for less, madam," said the woman. "I got a very fair box for eight cents a box."

"I don't know how they do sell them at price," returned the woman. "Mine cost nearly eight cents, and ought to bring me at least twelve. But I am willing to take ten, so that I can sell out quickly. It's very hot day." And the woman wiped, with her apron, the perspiration from her forehead.

"No, I won't pay ten cents," said the lady (?) coldly. "I'll give you forty cents for four quarts, and no more."

"But, madam, they cost me within a trifle of eight cents a quart."

"I can't help that. You paid too much for them, and this must be your loss, not mine, if I buy your strawberries. I never pay for other people's mistakes. I understand the use of trade, madam."

"The poor woman did not feel very well. The day was unusually hot and sultry, and her tray fell heavier, and tired her more than before. Five boxes would lighten it, and if she sold her berries at eight cents, she would clear two cents and a half, and that made her something."

"I'll tell you what I will do," said she, after thinking a few moments; "I don't feel well usually to-day, and my tray is heavy. Five boxes would be something. You shall have them at nine cents. The cost must be a half, and I am sure it's worth a cent and a half; a box to them about the streets such weather as this."

"I have told you, my good woman, exactly what I will do," said the customer, with dignity. "If you are willing to take what I offer you, say so, if we needn't stand here any longer."

"Well, I suppose you will have to take them," replied the strawberry-woman, seeing that there was no hope of doing better. "But it's too little."

"It's enough," said the lady, as she turned to call a servant. Five boxes of fine large strawberries were received, and forty cents paid for them.

The lady re-entered the parlor, pleased at her good bargain, while the poor woman walked nearly the distance of a square before she could trust her voice to utter the monotonous cry of—

"Straw'b'res! Straw'b'res!"

An hour afterwards, a friend called upon Mrs. Mier, the lady who had bought the strawberries. After talking about various matters and things interesting to lady house-keepers, Mrs. Mier said—

"How much did you pay for strawberries this morning?"

"Ten cents."

"You paid too much. I bought them for eight."

"For eight? Were they good ones?"

"Step into the dining-room, and I will show them to you."

The lady stepped into the dining-room, but nobody seemed willing to give ten cents, not even those who were really much finer than she had at first supposed them to be.

"You didn't get them for eight cents," remarked the visitor incredulously.

"Yes I did. I paid forty cents for five quarts. While I paid fifty for some not near so good."

"I suppose you paid just what you were asked?"

"Yes, I always do that. I buy from one woman during the season, who agrees to furnish me at the regular market price."

"Which you will always find to be two or three cents above what you can get them for in the market."

"You always buy in market."

"I bought these from a woman at the door."

"Did she only ask eight cents for them?"

"Oh no! She asked ten cents, and pretended that she got twelve and a half for the same quantity of berries yesterday. But I never give these people what they ask."

"While I can't find it in my heart to take a cent less for her fruit than she asks me. A cent or two, while it is of little account to me, must be of great importance to her."

"You are a very poor economist, I see," said Mrs. Mier. "If that is the way you deal with every one, your husband no doubt finds his expense account a very serious item."

"I don't know about that. He never complained of me, and I am always at work week to keep the house, and find my own and the children's clothes, & so far from ever calling on him for more, I always have fifty or a hundred dollars lying by me."

"You must have a precious large allowance then, considering your want of economy in paying every body just what they ask for their things."

After dinner Mrs. Mier went out and spent thirty dollars in purchasing jewelry for her eldest daughter. She had not yet given up the idea of marriage, and when she was pleased, the tea-table, the strawberries were highly commended as being the largest and most delicious in flavor of any they had yet had; in reply to which, Mrs. Mier stated, with an air of peculiar satisfaction, that she had got them for eight cents a box when they were worth at least ten cents.

"The woman asked me ten cents," she said, "but I offered her eight, and she took it."

While the family of Mrs. Mier were enjoying their meal, the woman who had sold the strawberries sat at a small table, around which were gathered three young children, the oldest but six years of age. She had started out in the morning with thirty boxes of strawberries, for which she had paid seven cents a box, and had sold them for twenty cents each, making a profit of five cents a box.

"Perhaps I did; although I am by no means certain."

"You can judge for yourself. Mine cost but eight cents, and you own that they are superior to yours at ten cents."

"Still, yours may have been too cheap, instead of too dear."

"What? That is funny! I never saw anything so cheap in my life. The great trouble is, that every thing is too dear. What do you mean by too cheap?"

"The person who sold them to you may not have made profit enough upon them to pay for his time and labor. If this were the case, she sold them to you too cheap."

"Suppose she paid too high for them? Is that purchase to pay for her error?"

"Whether she paid too high or not, it is hard to tell; and even if she had made such a mistake, I think it would be just and humane to pay her a price that would give her a fair profit, instead of realizing the small sum of seventy-five cents, she had clearly only forty-five cents. With this she bought a little Indian meal and molasses for her own and her children's supper and breakfast."

"And a precious lot of money it must take to support such a system of reasoning. But how about this purchase of strawberries?"

"What? That is what you have done?"

"I am curious to know."

"There are two dozen! You are just what you are."

"This is a wise decision! You are just what you are."

"Oh, no! That is exactly what I receive, and I have the same."

"While I receive fifty dollars a week," said Mrs. Mier, "and am forever calling on my husband to settle some bill or other for me. And yet I am as well off as any one of these English lawyers, by having a wife who is a good housekeeper, and who is also able to earn a good income."

"The person who sold them to you may not have made profit enough upon them to pay for his time and labor. If this were the case, she sold them to you too cheap."

"Suppose she had been compelled to sell at a loss?"

"She had not been compelled to sell at a loss."

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